

Ecstasy of Grief by Usiel21

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Summary: For Mike and El knew that Grief and Love go hand in hand. Short Mileven Drabble, Dedicated to LoneStarGirl93

Ecstasy of Grief

(A/N) I dedicate this drabble to LoneStarGirl93, she has been a constant source of encouragement and never-ending support, she is effectively a badass and she is a kindred spirit. I could not have gotten as far as I have without her!

DAY 353.

Grief and Love can sometimes go hand in hand, painfully, like clasping barbed wire and yet you can't help but hold on even as the blood ran down your hands because you know it was the only way to hold on. Clinging to to a desperate and feeble hope, a light that was slowly beginning to fade away into the darkness.

That was how he had felt over the course of 353 days.

His soul cried out in anguish and pain, like he was being ripped apart from the inside. It hurt, it was raw, agonizing and was nothing like anything else he had ever felt in his entire life. A girl with a shaved head had become someone that he had grown to care for and possibly even love, she understood him without even having to say a single word.

It was just the simple look they would exchange with each other, it was like they knew the deepest part of the other and it was a feeling that neither of them could ever put into words even years later, they knew the deepest and darkest corners of each others soul.

The bond they formed was during the quiet moments of that week when no-else was around, just basking in the silence and the comfort of each others presence, it was in these tender moments where their souls became one, intertwining them forever.

It was in those moments, precious moments between the fear and the chaos that drew them to each other.

And then they were cruelly ripped away from each other in an ecstasy of grief.

For Mike it was a wound that never was going to heal, he would have searched for her until it drove him howling to the nuthouse or to his death, his need for her was pure and beautiful and he pined for her just like she pined for him. She was a part of him now and it hurt.

For El she desperately wished to return to him but she couldn't because of the danger that he would have been in because of her, so she stayed away now matter how much her heart had yearned to return to him, no matter how painful it was to be away. It was to keep the most precious thing to her safe.

But as Mike lay here, holding Eleven close to him, unwilling to leave her side, Mike knew at that moment without a single shadow of a doubt or the small nagging thoughts in the back of your mind. He knew that she was the one, she would always be the one.

Mike pulled her closer to him, unwilling to ever let go of her ever again. She responded by curling her head underneath his chin as she slept peacefully without dreams or the darkness of her nightmares.

And Mike closed his eyes tightly, hot tears began to fall down his cheeks against his will. Hot salty tears filled with relief, need and elation.

For it was the Ecstasy of Grief.

And the Ecstasy of love.

(A/N) don't worry guys this only a short drabble as I work on the next chapter for the Mark of Cain, don't worry I have not abandoned the story!

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!